

THE TOTNES ADDRESS,

Presented to His Majesty,

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V E R S I F I E D

Look not askew at what it saith,
There's no Petition in it — Faith! Prior.

AMONG the many warm *Addresses*
Of *Mayors, Aldermen, Burgessees*,
And other People, truly Loyal,
(Who, now, their Zeal and Wits employ all,
To Shew your Majesty, that They
Resolve to *Do*, as well as *Say*.)
We Men of *Totnes, Devon*, beg
Our Liege, to let us make a *Leg*,
And eke a Speech to daunt our Foes,
Where-e'er the *London Gazette* goes.

Imprimis, Sir, in Strain most humble;
We'd have you know how much we grumble,
At *Germany* and *Spain* who durst
Unite — before they warn'd us first!
And might have (had we not found out
Their *Machinations*) brought about
A world of Woe to You and Your *Hopps*,
To *Totnes, Britain*, and to *Europe*.

Their Schemes, too black to be reveal'd,
And yet too true to be conceal'd,
Must strike, with terrible Surprise,
All People, who have Ears and Eyes;
When 'tis but known they were intended
By Princes, we, so late defended!
Princes, in whole *divided Cause*,
All *Christendom* a Deluge was?
But now *colleagu'd*, would Matters jumble,
And Treaties topsy-turvy tumble!
Anticipate the Conflagration,
By setting Fire to ev'ry Nation!
The *we* (who made 'em) go to ruin —
Did ever Mortals see such Doing?

But vain are Menaces and Threats —
Forsooth, we know their former Feats;
And value, like so many Posts,
Spanish Armada's, German Hosts!
Such scare-crow Potentates may vaunt,
And not your valiant *Britons* daunt.
Alas! their whimsical Chimeras
Can ne'er affright a *Land of Heroes*!
Especially, since You, no doubt,
Have been at Pains to look sharp out;
And, timely, taken such wise Measures,
As will ensure our Lives and Treasures.
Then, there's your *Parliament*, so able
And *Ministry*, incomparable
With Spirits, indefatigable.

But most of all — now Blood is up — behold
Your Men of *Devon*, ever brave and bold!
Bless us! what Heroes has our *Country* bred?
And how your Royal Ancestors have sped,
In like Conjunctions, by their gallant Aid?
We furnish'd *DRAKE*, a Man of mighty Fame!
The Sons of *Spain* still tremble at his Name!
A *RALEIGH* too from *Devonshire* proceeded —
But him we claim not — for he was beheaded!
And, tho' the *Dorset* Gentry make a Fuss,
CHURCHILL first breath'd the vital Air with Us —
We mean great *Marlborough*, of immortal Story
(*Hockstedt's* a Witness of this Hero's Glory)
To whose sole Arm the *Empire* safety owes,
And its great Head his Victory o'er his Foes!
True, these are *Dust* — But some remain alive,
Who to the *Devil* Your Enemies will drive —

WAGER and *HOSIER*! There's a *Brace of Tars*!
Each more than *Neptune*, and at least a *Mars*!
We warrant it, they'll make the *Spaniards* mind empty,
And leave to Fishes many Feasts behind 'em!
Besides, our *Borough* to your *Senate* sends,
WILLS, among the bravest of your Friends!
He, Sir, ev'n He, who now presents our Speech,
Your Foreign Foes Fidelity will teach,
Lord, how he scourg'd the *Rebellious Rogue* at *Preston*!
That's a Proof he's One, whom you may rest on!
Take but our Words, and give him *Chief Command*,
Then I must sink, and *Gibraltar* shall stand.

But lest you think, Sir, this is *Ram*,
Nothing but *Bamm*, and empty *Cant*,
We, honest, hearty Cocks, are willing,
Per Pound Land-Tax, to pay *Four Shilling*;
Nay, with such Chearfulness allow it,
We'll toss the other *Sixteen* to it;
Tho' we should mortgage Land and Houses,
And eke our Children and our Spouses.
Moreover, we'll most frankly part
With all we have with all our Heart,
Rather than let our Faith's Defender
Be bullied, by a base Pretender —
A spurious, *popish* Brat, abjur'd
By all of Loyalty assur'd!
If this we did in Sober sadness,
What mayn't we do, when rous'd to Madness?
We vow and Swear, by Life's great *Given*,
To fight him to our longest Liver;
And, when our longest Liver's dead,
Our Ghost shall haunt him in our stead,
And fill his Coward-Soul with Dread!

This Resolution we have taken,
That, warn'd, He many preserve his *Bacon*;
Or, shon'd he ever chance to win,
A bloody Battle, and come in;
(Which Heav'n forbid should ever be!)
Know, by these present Lines, that we
Assure him, he'll be fairly bit,
And, on your Throne, unkingly sit;
When none is left for such a *Tartar*
To head, and hang, and draw, and quarter!

And now, Sir, to conclude our Speech,
And Show we pray, as well as preach,
We've clubb'd an *Hymn*, and cordial given
Our Cares, in humble Staves, to Heaven.

God prosper well our noble King,
Our Lives and Fortunes all!
May Peace, and Truth, and Wit, and Wealth,
The Britons brave befall!

Late, very late, may our good Liege
A Heavenly Crown obtain!
And eke his Royal House ne'er want
A Prince, so fit to reign;

O may our Happiness, so rare,
To future Times go down!
Let all the People say, Amen!
Amen, says *Totnes Town*!

F I N I S.

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